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For the Myrtle.

The Infant's Prayer.

[A true incident of a member of the infant class in one of the Philadelphia Sunday Schools.]

DEAR mamma, ere I go to school,
I'll not forget to pray.
Last Sabbath in the Sabbath School,
I heard the teacher say.
That we must always say our prayer,
At night and morn — and everywhere."

Though just but risen from her couch,
In her sweet, artless way,
Decked in her dainty Sabbath robes,
The child began to pray —
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep, — "

Sweet, innocent, and trusting lamb,
Thy little prayer must bring,
The blessing granted through the prayer,
Borne upward on Faith's wing.
Though inappropriate, He'll hear,
Who *ever* bends a listening ear.

F. F. G.

The Child's Prayer.

I'M but a child before thee,
My Father in the sky:
But I can yet adore thee,
Although thou art so high;
And now begin to love thee,
And love thee till I die.

Thou all my thoughts art knowing,
By daytime or at night:
Whatever I am doing,
I do it in thy sight.
From wrong, oh! ever keep me,
And make me do the right.

From thee comes all that makes me
So happy through the day. —
The morning light that wakes me.
The health that makes me gay.
Oh! teach me how to thank thee, —
To thank thee when I pray.

For the Myrtle.

Dody and His Friends.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

IV.

IT was Sunday morning and Dody was going down stairs for the first time, and the whole household was having quite a jubilee over the event. He had his breakfast in bed, as usual, took a nice bath and finished his hair, then Mallie brought him his clothes nicely mended and cleaned. Pansie was there, chattering and laughing, when he was assisted down the long stairs by the doctor, and Cad tried her best to help, but only succeeded in tumbling the whole flight herself. She did not mind, however, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

Dody was enthroned in the big armchair, with his feet on a hassock, Pansie hung over his well knee and Cad sat on the floor, the doctor was reading near by, and Mallie frisking in and out of the room in an unusually brisk and cheerful manner, when the door opened and in came Papa and Mamma Snow, stopping on their way to church, to congratulate Dody on his recovery. This was the first time he had seen them, but he bore the trying ordeal of an introduction very well, and thanked them for their kindness in his own cool easy way, looking at the same time so happy, pleased and flattered, that Mrs. Snow was quite charmed with him, and nodded to Mallie several times in a very significant manner. Pansie hopped on one foot to express her satis-

faction, and Cad tried to persuade Dody to add to the agreeable quality of the occasion by giving an example of an Indian war-whoop. as he was doing the day a policeman called to see what was the matter. Dody firmly refused, however, and Callie was bustled off to church, greatly to her disappointment and disgust, for she had calculated upon spending the day with Dody. Dr. Andrews went to church, too, and Pansie went home, so Mallie and Dody were left alone. She came and sat by him and they looked at the fire for some time in silence.

"Dody," said Mallie at last.

"What?" said Dody.

But Mallie didn't say what for a long time, and the boy quietly waited. At last it came:

"What shall you do when you are entirely well?"

Dody continued to look at the fire, but rested his head on his hand. After a little pause he replied: "Go to sea, probably."

"Will you stay here with us, and be my boy?"

Was it strange that Mallie put her idea in that form? Why did she not say, "We are going to keep you," or, "You may stay here"? Because she was extremely doubtful of the answer. She understood the boy well enough to know that he was not contented, that it would not be exactly pleasant for him to feel that he was always to be a protégé of the doctor's; that while he felt thankful for their care and kindness, yet he felt independent of them; he had not asked them to care for him, they did it of their own free will, and he was not to be persuaded into thinking himself so greatly favored after all. Mallie knew Dody would not jump and dance at the proposition she was about to make, indeed, she was very much afraid he could not be induced to accept it upon any conditions, yet she was so much attached to the boy that her voice trembled as she asked the question.

Dody knew at once what she meant, for they had all talked to him as if he was to be there for years to come, and his face flushed while he pondered, for he did not answer immediately.

"I don't think I belong here," he finally replied.

"Why, Dody?"

"I'm a great, clumsy, rough fellow, and don't know nothing, and you are all so different; even Callie is gentle and polite side of me, and I am always afraid I'll break Pansie if I touch her. Get some nice boy, Miss Mallie, I aint the right kind. I think you and Dr. Andrews would be sorry for it afterwards and that would be awful. You don't know me yet. There is bad in me that fellows like Horace don't know the meaning of,—you ought to hear me swear—and I can smoke. I drank some whiskey once, too, and had to stay on board all night. You would be sorry for it sometime."

"But you can learn, and in a year or two you would equal the rest. You only need teaching," said Mallie, with a smile at his catalogue of sins.

"You may think it awful wicked of me, and I s'pose it is, but I truly don't think I want to stay. I am used to climbing around and working and roughing it all the time. I am afraid I'd get lonesome after a while. I know you have all been mighty good to me, and I feel—"

But he couldn't seem to express how he did feel, for he felt suspiciously and disgracefully choky. Mallie did not try to disguise the tears in her eyes as she said:

"But I want you, Dody. I never had anybody in my life, and I am nearly forty years old. At that age most women have husband or children, but I am alone, except father, and of course that is different. To be sure there are Cad and Pansie, but they are my sister's and must live with her. I want some one of my own. I can't be content with parrots and cats. You are so broad and strong and manly, so different from weak little Horace, that I want you—to lean on you—though you don't come up to my shoulder—to educate you, to send you to college, to help you become a good, learned, noble man. Why! you may be the President yet and marry Pansie," and Mallie smiled through her tears.

"I know I ought to feel awful glad and take up your kind offer, Miss Mallie, and I am a horrid pig to be so ugly and mulish about it. There aint another boy in the world but what would be delighted—but I'm just so foolish—I *can't*," and he brought his fist down with a force which threatened destruction to the arm of the chair.

He saw that Miss Mallie was very much disappointed and he wondered in his mind why it was that he felt as if he must refuse to stay.

"Don't cry, please, Miss Mallie. I aint worth it," and he stroked her hand with his big paw.

"I wont take this for your answer now. Think about it, and I will speak to you again," and Miss Mallie left the room.

Dody leaned his head on the back of her low chair and thought it over.

"No, it is of no use. I can't stay here. I am so different. They are so pretty and polite, and always say 'good morning' and 'good evening,' and even Callie and Pansie know how to behave better than I ever can, and—well, I'll go to India, or somewhere else, and get money enough to buy a gold house for Miss Mallie," and so he soliloquized until the folks came home.

"I like him all the better for his independence," said the doctor, when Mallie told the result of her interview with Dody. The doctor would have admired anything Dody *could* have done or said.

The subject was not mentioned again, and finally Dody felt that the time for him to leave had come. He announced the fact this way. They were all spending the evening at the Snows, and Pansie and he had had quite a romp in the dining-room after supper, and now she was having a ten minutes' talk before going to bed.

"Do you think you will always remember me?" asked Dody.

"Yes indeed," responded the little lady.

"Will you give me a sailor kiss to-night?"

"No sir. I never dive sailor tisses, except on 'portant times."

"Well, this is a ''portant time,' for I am going away to-morrow, and you may never see me again."

So Pansie gave him a tremendous "sailor-kiss," and the doctor who had overheard the conversation, asked: "Where will you go, Theodore?"

"I thought I would sail as cabin boy, and perhaps get to India." replied Dody.

"What is your object in going to India, instead of staying in America where you understand the language and customs of the people?" asked the gentleman, and a long conversation followed, in which the doctor represented the case so strongly. that Dody, once and for all, gave up his scheme of going to India.

He persistently refused to allow the doctor to find him a place to work, or to supply him with money to support him until he began to earn. Horace was indignant.

"This is a pretty way to repay all grandfather's kindness, disappointing him and auntie so. You ought to feel ashamed of yourself, Dody Bowers, you ungrateful young cur!"

"If you say any more of that, I will throw you out of the window," said Dody very quietly, but looking as if he could, would and should do so. Horace walked slowly and tragically out of the room. Callie, who privately longed to go too, said:

"What's the use, old fellow? Why can't you stay here? We'll have awful jolly times. Besides, you haven't made my boat yet, and you will be telling a lie if you don't."

Dody promised to finish her boat within a week, and send it to her.

The next morning they all assembled in the parlor to see him off. He went up stairs to get his bundle, and utterly ignoring the new suit he found on a chair, he put on his old hat and came down to bid them "good-bye." The doctor looked sorrowful enough, but shook hands and blessed him. Mallie's pale face,—for she loved the boy dearly—seemed a dreadful reproach to him, as she kissed his cheek. Callie ground her teeth so as not to cry and exclaimed, "All right, my hearty!" in a doleful voice, while Pet Pansie clung to him hugging, kissing, crying, and begging him to stay, and promising a "sailor kiss" every day if he would not go.

Dody resolutely closed the door, pale with excitement, rushed out of the house into the street, and in two minutes would have been gone, but glancing up to the bay-window, and seeing them all crowded in there to get one more look, his "mulishness" all gave way, and in a second he had his arms around Mallie, and was shouting—all in tears himself, "*Darn it, I'll stay!!*"

"But are you sure you will be happy here?" asked the doctor, after the first burst of excitement had subsided.

"*Yes sir-e-e!* I wouldn't go away now, if you should send me," was the positive answer.

Half an hour later when Mallie had gone to her room, and the children were having a joyous confab, proposing all kinds of impossible schemes for the future, Pansie suddenly capped the climax by exclaiming: "O my! I tink we ought to mate some m'lathes tandy."

"Hurrah for you, pet, go ask Aunt Mallie if we can."

Pansie trotted off and soon returned looking as radiant as a new blown rose.

"What did she say?" demanded the crowd.

"Merthy sates, yes indeed!" responded the little one, in ludicrous imitation of her auntie's manner.

So they proceeded in a body to the kitchen, and such a sticky, dauby, uproarious time was never known in that respectable kitchen before.

Eva B. Miller.

For the Myrtle.

Window Flowers.

GERANIUMS, violets roses rare
Grow fresh, in our east window fair,
Just where the sun at morning shines
And evening breezes stir the vines.

And all day long in shade or light
The flowers lift up their faces bright,
And gentle breathings, sweet and still,
The summer air with fragrance fill.

A bower of gladness and of grace
Is that east-window's charmed place;
From day to day our loving eyes
Find there new beauty and surprise.

But ah, the beams that flickering come
Through all these flowers, into the room,
Find one, more sweet than all the rest,
Blooming in its soft cradle nest.

Our flower of flowers, — our bud of love
Touched with the dews of Heaven above,
More fair and sweet and pure than they,
But not like them to know decay.

Oh, when we lift our blossom there
No flower can with its face compare!
Geranium, violet or rose,—
It shames the brightest flower that grows!

H. A. B.

PATIENCE and gentleness are power.

Seventy Pairs of Hands.

The variety and number of needles made in these days are wonderful; the surgeon, tailor, harness-maker, book-binder, felt-worker, saddler, glover, embroiderer, and housewife, each wanting needles of all shapes and sizes and lengths. And, when you think that each needle has to pass through seventy pairs of hands before it is finished and ready for use, you see what pains is taken to reach excellence in a very small thing.

Seventy pairs of hands to make a needle, and each pair necessary to make the needle perfect! If only one pair refused to do their part, the whole would be a failure; not a needle would be right.

You see it is painstaking in little things and in small parts which leads to excellence and success. We are apt to slight bits of work, thinking it is no matter and of no account. But it is not so. The details of a plan must be faithfully carried out in order to make the plan a success. If the parts of a work are all well done, the whole will be complete, and only then.

And it is just so in making and molding character. It must be well done in parts, faithfully finished in bits, in order to make a complete and beautiful whole.

Always be sure that all the small and common work which you have to do is thoroughly done. It is faithfulness in little things which makes you reliable in great things. — *Little Star.*

The Bible.

King Edward VI., on the day of his coronation, had presented before him three swords, signifying that he was the monarch of three kingdoms. The King said there was one sword wanting. Being asked what that sword was, he answered, "The Holy Bible, which is the sword of the Spirit, and is to be preferred above all the ensigns of royalty."

A GOOD heart is worth gold.

For the Myrtle.

"Excelsior."

MAMIE had been learning the poem "Excelsior" to recite at the school exercises on the following Saturday.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device —"

she recited to herself and then she came to her young Aunt Kate.

"But I don't understand it, auntie," she said. "I wish you would tell me what 'Excelsior' means?"

"Why, how could you learn it all until you knew?" cried Aunt Kate. "That is the key to the whole. Excelsior means 'higher,' — don't you see?"

"Yes," said Mamie, slowly. "And so he kept wanting to go 'higher.' But what did the youth want to go higher for? What was there up there?"

"Now," said Aunt Kate, laughing, "you have come to the same difficulty I found years ago when I first learned the poem. I couldn't see what the youth wanted to climb up the Alps for,

in the night, unless there was something to be gained by it. Aud I thought he had much better have staid in one of the 'happy homes' than just to have gone on up, into the ice and snow to die there. What good did that do? I thought."

"Sure enough," said Mamie. "I wonder if Mr. Longfellow didn't think of that."

"I have heard," said Aunt Kate, "that the poem was suggested by this musical word 'Excelcior' which caught the author's eye on a scrap of torn newspaper. The meaning of the word, 'higher,' caught also his fancy, and in a few hours he had written all the verses on an envelope which lay at hand. But I do not think he was thinking so much of the youth climbing the Alps, as of all youth everywhere."

"What do you mean?" said Mamie.

"Why, the true meaning of the poem, the *soul* of it, did not come to me until long after I first read it, and then I saw how I had always until then, failed to understand what I think Mr. Longfellow meant. I think the poem is an allegory. You know what an allegory is?"

"A truth told in the form of a story," said Mamie promptly.

"Well, then," said Aunt Kate, "I think the youth was meant to be a type of all youth, and that the Alps represent the mountains of difficulty that lie before it in life, and that "the banner with the strange device" represents ambition. And in real life there *is* something to climb for, you know. There is always something at the top worth going after. I think the poem would be more complete if that was put in, but we can easily imagine it. Now see how it fits. The 'happy homes' and 'household fires,' are worldly ease and pleasure that lure the youth not to climb. These he passes by. Then the pleading maiden is love, and sweet domestic ties that would interfere with his ambition. But these must not detain him, and he struggles painfully beyond them. Then envy and worldly derision begin to sound their warnings. He must beware the pine-tree's branch and the awful avalanche. But he falters not for *these* "lions in the way." Thus he rises into those high and peaceful regions where only religion dwells, and hears the voice say 'higher.' This is represented by the 'pious monks of St. Bernard.' Then to such a life, growing higher and nobler all the time, death comes at last, and the voice is still, 'Come up higher.' Do you see?"

"Oh, yes," said Mamie, with a long sigh, "isn't it beautiful? I *never* should have thought out by myself all there is in it." And Mamie went away repeating softly and with a world of new meaning in her tones the last verse:

"There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,—
Excelsior!"

H. A. B.

A Sermon for the Little Folks.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—John xiii. 17.

I. "These things"; that is, your duties. You have duties, wherever you are.

1. *At home,*—obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants.

2. *At school,*—respect to teacher, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. *At church,*—be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. *On the street,*—good manners, modesty, kindness, minding your own business.

II. How should you do your duty?

1. *Not for pay.* That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?"

2. *But from love.* So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will (which is only another name for duty.) This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. *Better every day.* By trying to do your duties, you will become more skilful. So you improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III. Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy: idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin, can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in duty in doing it from love to God and man; then you will be happy every day on earth, and forever happy in heaven.

THE eyes are the heart's windows. A loving heart sees everything lovely.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—We gave last week the account of the children's meeting of Anniversary Week. The other meetings of the Union were also successful. On Sunday evening the Chelsea church was very fully seated with the large audience of the Conference meeting. The Chelsea Sunday School nearly filled the galleries, and opened the meeting with a very beautiful song, joining with the congregation in the other singing. The essay, on Faithfulness in Teaching, was read by Mrs. H. A Bingham, and addresses were made by Revs. I. M. Atwood and E. A. Drew, and Mr. B. B. Whittemore.

The Tuesday evening social meeting at the Columbus Avenue church was also very pleasant, and was largely attended. A Sunday School Library Commission of twelve members, held its first meeting at the same time and place.

—Rev. B. V. Stevenson closed his labors with the Shelburne Falls parish, Sunday, May 31st. He will enter upon his duties at Southbridge on the first Sunday in June. As there were quite a number of parents who desired Bro. Stevenson to dedicate their children the "Children's Sunday" was anticipated in two or three weeks, taking place on his last Sunday. The pulpit was handsomely decorated, interesting services were held, and eight children dedicated.

—The annual Strawberry Festival of the S awmut Christian Union is held in the vestry of the Shawmut chu ch, Boston, on the evening of June 11th. The occasion promises to be enjoyable in every respect.

—The Quincy Sunday School has now $300 towards the fitting up of a new vestry. A May Festival added the last $50 to this amount.

—The annual excursion and picnic of the Columbus Avenue Sunday School of Boston, will take place on Saturday, June 20.

—The South Boston church has this season organized a flower-mission, to devote its work to that part of the city.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

— The State Sunday School Convention to be held at Alstead, June 16, the day before the State Convention, has the following programme:

Tuesday 10 A. M.—Election of officers, and reports from Sunday Schools.

2 P. M.—Address by Rev. E. L. Conger of Concord, upon the Mission of the Sunday School.

3 P. M.—The Lesson illustrated by use of the Blackboard, by Mrs. Noble of Chester, Vermont.

3½ P. M.—Address by Rev. L. F. McKinney of South Newmarket, on "The Relation of the Sunday School to the Church."

4 P. M.—An Address on How we can best develop the devotional spirit of our children, by Mrs. Foster of Weare

7½ P. M.—An Address on The obligations of parents to the Sunday School, by Rev. S. S. Hebberd of Portsmouth, after which Rev. G L. Demarest of Manchester, will address the Convention.

At the close of each address an opportunity will be given for discussion.

All friends of Sabbath Schools are earnestly invited to attend these meetings. C. O. Ballou, *Sec'y.*

MAINE.

—The "Commentary on the New Testament," by Sylvanus Cobb, the retail price of which is $3 50, is offered to Sunday Schools in clubs of ten, at $2 50, at the Gospel Banner Office, Augusta. Those who would like this helpful book will probably never buy it at more favorable rates.

NEW YORK.

—The Ladies' Social Circle of the Branchport Society, assisted by the Sunday School, recently gave an entertainment at Weaver's Hall, consisting of recitations, dialogues, tableaux, singing, etc The affair was in every way a success.

—During Easter week the Morris Sunday School gave an exhibition in which all parts were well performed, and which helped somewhat to replenish the church treasury. It was by several remarked that some of the single recitations were worth the price of the admission fee.

The Littles.

They have done more for the world than the great things. Indeed the great things have been built up out of the little things. How does the mountain rise up into the clouds? It is all made up of very small atoms. The great ocean is made up of little drops; but it sends out over all the world, those vapors which fall in rain and dew to refresh the parched deserts and make them blossom and bear fruit.

Now our faith, which is that God is love and will never cease to love all his children, is to bless the world in the same way—bless all men. And what are we doing to spread this faith? Very little. We have not ministers to go forth and proclaim the good tidings. We have not as yet ministers for the parishes now organized, and these are few. Yet the whole world is famishing for our good faith.

Perhaps the chief reason why we don't have more ministers is because the young men who are willing to enter our ministry are most all of them poor. And they have not the means to fit themselves for the work. One needs from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars to go through college and fit himself for our ministry.

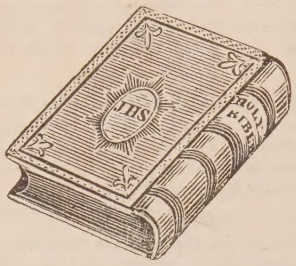
But a plan has been devised to help such young men. And we all, every believer in Universalism, the rich with their dollars, the poor with their pennies, and even little children with *their* pennies, are asked to help in the good work. And we can do it without feeling it, do it easy, do it with our *littles*, do it with our *mites*. How? Why, all that is asked of us is that every family shall take a "Missionary Box," and each member—little children as well as the older ones of the family—should occasionally drop a penny into that box.

Now if our people all over the country will only do this, we will receive by this means a great sum every year, enough to prepare young ministers for all our vacant parishes, and then have some to send abroad into new fields. Shall we do it? Will the children help? All who favor it are asked to become at once members of our "Missionary Army." *Q. H. S.*

Miscalled "Missionary Work."

We like the following remarks in the *Gospel Banner;* and we are afraid they have a wide application:

"Nothing can be more absurd, not to say criminal, than the custom of some schools to take up, nominally, missionary money, and devote it to the expenses of the school in the purchase of books, or for other matters. The missionary spirit and a Christian temper toward suffering of all kinds are cultivated graces. Effort worthy of the end desired should be put forth to secure interesting and positive information in reference to all the great fields of charity at home and abroad and bestow it upon our young people."



The First and Last Prophet.

We have now come to the old age of Moses, and to a time very near the entering of the Israelites into Canaan. On account of the hostile tribes on the south they travelled to the east and then northward, by the Dead Sea to the east side of the Jordan. Having fought with and overcame the tribes who lived there, this country of Moab, east of the Jordan was given to the tribes of Reuben and Gad and half of the tribe of Manasseh: and they still held it in possession, when the other tribes entered into Canaan.

But while they were encamped on these plains of Moab, was given, we may suppose, the fifth book of Moses, first in addresses to the people and afterwards written down. The word Deuteronomy means "the second law" or "a repeating of the law." We must remember that these Israelites were a new generation, the children of those who heard the law at Sinai. To them just before he died Moses repeated all the laws which had been given to their fathers.

But Moses was not only a law-giver; he was a *prophet*,—the first great prophet of Israel. A prophet is one who "speaks for God." Moses had spoken for God and for his righteousness in all the laws he had given the people. He now foretold to them as it was revealed to him from the Lord, what would be their history in the future. He told them what has been true of all people in all ages, that if they feared God and walked in his commandments always, it would be well with them and their children forever. And if they forgot God, and were no longer obedient to him, and worshipped strange idols, then they would surely perish. This great truth we find many times repeated in different words all through the book of Deuteronomy. And when we follow the history of the Jewish people, we shall find that it always proved itself true. Moses warned the people against "wizards and necromancers and familiar spirits" that were found among other nations, who pretended to foretell the future. "All these things," said Moses, "are an abomination unto the Lord." And they are probably as much so now as in the days of Moses. But he promised them that the Lord should raise them up prophets from their own people like unto himself, who should speak his word unto them.

We cannot tell, by the translated words, whether Moses meant all the prophets, or whether he looked forward simply to the one great prophet, Jesus Christ. It is probable that he included them all. There were many great prophets who arose among the Israelites, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Daniel, to speak for God, as Moses had done. But last and greatest of all was Jesus Christ. While these great men received in a measure the gift of God's revelation, to Christ "the Spirit was given without measure." In all his words and in all his life he was "God manifest in the flesh." He was therefore *the* Prophet, greater than all others.

So did the apostles and the New Testament writers understand the words of Moses. Peter when he preached in the Temple, after the death of Jesus, said to the Israelites of that day, "For Moses truly said unto the fathers, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you, Yea, and all the prophets, from Samuel and those that follow after have likewise foretold of these days." And Stephen when he was about to be stoned, quoted the same words and applied them to Christ. And Philip said to Nathanael when they were called to be disciples, "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write." And Jesus himself said to the unbelievers, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me."

But not only was Jesus a prophet like Moses, only a greater prophet; he was also, like Moses, a law-giver only his law was greater and grander. Moses gave the ten commandments, commanding what *not* to do, as towards God and towards man; Jesus embraced them all in two, not negative but positive; telling what we *should* do, namely love God with all the heart, and our neighbors as ourselves. Moses gave the law of obedience: Jesus gave the law of love.

So Jesus the last law-giver and prophet, was far greater than Moses, the first. Through Moses we have the first covenant of God with his people, the "Old Testament"; through Jesus we have the better covenant, or the "New Testament." As St. John says "For the law was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

Enigma.

To view my first the spies were sent;
The fearful ones were filled with awe,
Sons of my second there they saw,
And in a panic back they went.

With fear the people's hearts were stirred,
All courage then they seemed to lack,
And to my fourth to lead them back,
They sought to make my third.

My fifth in my good whole was strong,
The enemy he did not fear,
He knew the gracious Lord was near,
The people urged he to march on.

Little Sower.

Answers.

June 6. Felicia Hemans; Edgar Allan Poe.

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